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THE part that America is expected to play in the European war has been steadily increasing in importance. At the outset we thought of ourselves rather as useful auxiliaries of the Allies than as full participants. Our industrial power was to be placed at the service of the Allies in greater measure than in the period of neutrality, and our financial power was to be drawn upon. Some military and naval aid was to be given, but this was generally regarded as a condition of our own self respect, not a necessity of the Allies. Now we realize that we shall be called upon for vastly more significant work. Our food supply must be controlled in order that we may provision France and England. Our industries must be commandeered wherever necessary to insure the maximum output of munitions and ships. Our financial markets must bear the chief weight of future credit issues for the war. And it is becoming constantly clearer that American soldiers are to appear in great numbers on the European battle fields. Indeed, it is not inconceivable that after the force of the present Anglo-French and Italian offensives have spent themselves, our Allies will fight a defensive war until the American armies have been organized and transported across the seas, to establish a decisive superiority of man power against Germany. The Germans wagered the submarines against America. Perhaps in losing the wager, they have lost everything.

PEACE without annexations or indemnities is a detestable, pro-German formula in the eyes of Americans, Englishmen, Frenchmen and Italians who see the Central Powers already virtually beaten. It is an equally detestable, but pro-Allies formula in the eyes of the Pan-German imperialists, who still persist in the belief that Germany is winning this war. From our point of view such a peace would be a far more favorable one than the Central Powers deserve. From the point of view of the German imperialists, however, a peace without annexations or indemnities would represent deep disaster. By what sorcery could they hold their dominance over the German people whom they had dragged through three years or more of unimaginable privations and suffering and sorrow, only to issue in the status quo? All the future of the social and military oligarchy would be compromised by a barren peace. The men composing this class do not believe that they need to accept such a peace. They are confident that they can at least fight a defensive war on the west until the submarine has worn down the endurance of the Allies. And what the extremists of the class are now striving to accomplish is the supplanting of Bethmann-Hollweg by a man of iron who will boldly announce the formula, No peace without annexations and indemnities.

WHETHER Bethmann-Hollweg himself would favor an early peace on the basis of the status quo, or would prefer to hold out for better terms, it is impossible to say. He intends to remain in power, and he dare not commit himself absolutely either to the annexationist program or against it. In his policy in the matter of Bel-

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gian and Polish administration there is sufficient indication of a purpose to retain control of those lands to satisfy the more moderate expansionists. And in permitting German delegates—hand-picked, no doubt—to attend the Stockholm Conference to discuss peace without annexations, he is making sufficient concession to the moderate anti-expansionists. Participation by German socialists in the Conference is obviously the right card for Bethmann-Hollweg to play in the diplomatic game with Russia. In view of what the Russian socialists demand in respect to the liberation of Poland, Bethmann-Hollweg can not expect from the conference serious progress toward a separate peace. But the willingness on the part of Germany to have peace discussed can not fail to create a favorable impression upon war-weary Russia, just as the somewhat hysterical antagonism to the conference on the part of the Western Allies is bound to create an unfavorable impression. Bethmann-Hollweg doubtless counted shrewdly on both reactions upon Russia. What he chiefly counts upon, however, must be the effect at home when the delegates return frustrated, to spread a conviction that the obstacle to peace lies not in the insistence of Germany upon annexations, but in the immoderate territorial ambitions of the Allies.

THE denial of passports to the American delegates to the Stockholm Conference appears to be questionable diplomacy. We may suspect the motives of the German delegates to that conference, and if the initiative in organizing it had been so clearly German that no mistake could be made about it anywhere, there might be ground, though not very good ground, for refusing to permit the attendance of Americans. As a fact, however, the Russian socialists, whose influence at home may be very great indeed, have at least as much responsibility for the calling of the conference as the German socialists. The Russian socialists want to be assured that real international issues, not the pique and pride of ruling minorities, are responsible for the continuance of this war. Our action in refusing passports and threatening criminal action against American citizens who attend the conference will suggest to the Russian delegates that our government stands for a policy of war to the extreme and that is why it is averse to having peace discussed. The semi-official explanation that the government wishes to discredit peace moves by unauthorized persons will not sound well in Russia where the decision of peace or war rests chiefly with unauthorized persons. The objection to Messrs. Hillquit, Lee and Berger on grounds of pro-Germanism is not sufficient to justify our government's action. The government knew that the conference was to be held and that Germany, who is in a far better position than the United States to judge of Russian conditions, has been taking the conference seriously and has exercised discretion in the kind of socialists that should represent the nation. Our government should have managed matters in such a way that we might have been represented properly by pro-American socialists.

THERE is a good deal of common sense in the preliminary statement of the Committee on Public Information, which consists of the Secretaries of State, of War, and of the Navy, with Mr. George Creel as chairman. But the statement contains also this extremely disquieting paragraph: "Speculation about possible peace is another topic which may possess elements of danger, as peace reports may be of enemy origin, put out to weaken the combination against Germany." The language is moderate and innocent-sounding, but in substance we have here the opinion of every anti-democrat, in every belligerent country, who believes that the making of peace is the exclusive function of governments, and that the business of all the belligerent populations is first to keep their mouths shut about peace until it is handed down to them from on high, and then to accept this peace without scrutiny, no matter what its terms may be. No democracy can remain a democracy and behave itself in this way. Particularly in the United States, where lack of interest in our international relations has been enormous, and ignorance of them correspondingly great, it is necessary that there should be the fullest discussion of our aims in this war, and of the kind of peace by which these aims can be attained. The paragraph we have quoted is dangerously like an invitation to the American people to close their eyes, preserve their ignorance, and let a wiser government do their deciding.

BUT it would be unfair not to add that the statement does some useful work. It explains clearly why the news that a ship from Europe has arrived at Philadelphia may be of help to the enemy, although the news that the same ship has arrived "at an Atlantic port" might be quite harmless. It explains clearly why news that is known throughout some one city ought sometimes not to be published: "Non-publication of such information obliges the enemy to rely on spies actually in the localities concerned, and he would thus incur additional expense and expose his spies to increased danger of apprehension." And inventors are at least as much in need as the

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press is of being reminded that an inventor who was said to have discovered a "U-boat killer" required immediate "police protection against German agents." These are elementary lessons, no doubt, but the best work the Committee can do is just this kind of open education.

MR. JOHN P. WHITE, president of the United Mine Workers of America, has protested to the Council of National Defense against Mr. J. F. Welborn as a member of the Council's Committee on Coal Production. Such a protest was inevitable and ought to have been foreseen. Mr. Welborn was one partly responsible for labor conditions in the mines controlled by the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company. He is not a man with whom organized labor, no matter how moderate its demands, can easily come to a satisfactory understanding. His appointment to the Committee on Coal Production, a body which will fail to bring about maximum productiveness in this basic industry unless it has the confidence of union men, is a formidable mistake. No representative of capital should have a place on this committee unless he not only has, but is known to have, a real sense of social problems. War has not made and will not make these problems less difficult. They are not likely to be solved by men who found them insoluble in time of peace.

WE have at last an authoritative statement of the maximum amount of steel shipping that the United States can launch in the next eighteen months. General Goethals, whom we have subconsciously come to estimate at somewhat better than his word, promises 3,000,000 tons. This is at least a million tons in excess of the volume we could reasonably have expected without the powerful intervention of the government and the General's organizing capacity. Whether or not this rate of construction will prove adequate to the needs of the allied groups must depend upon the success of the combined navies in hunting down the submarines. If sinkings are to continue at the rate of half a million tons a month, three million tons of construction in eighteen months looks discouragingly small. This is the only reason—but an adequate reason—why the program of building wooden ships ought not to be abandoned. Not a ton of steel shipping ought to be sacrificed to wood construction. We must have our three million tons of steel ships, and more if we can get them. But we have money enough, labor enough, and we may hope, organizing capacity enough to build wooden ships besides. After the war they might in part represent waste. Yet so do howitzers and machine guns.

IF there was any charitable doubt as to the atrocities connected with the Ell Person lynching at Memphis, they are negated by eye-witness reports in the Memphis Press. It is not only true that Person's ears were hacked off while he was being burned to death and that his severed head was thrown from a speeding automobile in the Memphis streets some hours later, and his severed foot similarly flung about as a trophy, but it is also true that the mob which collected to witness Person's lynching was estimated at 15,000. "'They burned him too quick; they burned him too quick,' was the complaint on all sides. The universal sentiment seemed to be that too much gasoline had been used"—this quotation from Mr. E. T. Leech's report gives the clue to the spirit of the debauch. To say that this lynching indicts Tennessee is gratuitous. Its filthy degeneracy would stain any community, but what it really exposes is not so much a barbarous cruelty in Tennessee as a barbarous communal failure to undertake the mere preliminaries of justice. There is no proof whatever that Ell Person was guilty. There is only the fact that 15,000 Americans have combined to annul their institutions and degrade their name.

IF there is any American industry that ought to feel diffident about asking for governmental favors it is the manufacture of iron and steel. The war has meant unexampled prosperity to the industry, enabling it to accumulate profits enough to tide over a long succession of lean years. The elimination of German and Belgian competition and the diversion of British production to military demand have left our industry free to establish itself in the neutral markets. Nevertheless we find a speaker before a recent meeting of the Iron and Steel Institute demanding amid general applause the institution of a "national system of coöperation as practised abroad," by which he meant the German Kartell system of legalized price maintenance, "to stabilize values" and "protect the general public" against the "liquidation of commodity values during the reconstruction period." There has been no visible effort on the part of the iron and steel industries to stabilize values and protect the general public against the inflation of commodity values during the war period. The same speaker advocated a revision of the tariff upward on iron and steel products "where necessary to protect home trade against unfair foreign competition." This must mean any kind of foreign competition, since we already have adequate legislative provision against the so-called dumping evil. As a fact, every kind of foreign competition will have to be excluded if the steel men are to realize their dream of war profits made perpetual.

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Breaking Up Mid-Europe

RECENT Associated Press dispatches from Washington have put before the country what students of German political movements have for some time been fearing—the danger of a Mid-European Empire under Prussian domination, stretching from the Baltic to the Bosporus, and splitting Europe by an aggressive and invulnerable hegemony, secure in military power and self-sufficient in economic resources. Such an empire would give a secure foundation for the future imperialist designs of any Germanic military and capitalist autocracy believing in a divine mission to impose its rule on the earth. It must at all costs be broken up. If its destruction demands a long war involving the complete mobilization of our man power and the spending of all our resources, we must make the sacrifice.

Before coming to a decision that such a necessity exists, however, we should be more than fatuous if we did not examine so vast a project with a little more attention to its principles and details. It is very simple to say that since Mid-Europe is Prussia's aim, we must in order to prevent its consummation wall up the Central Powers, win a smashing victory and dictate the peace. Simplicities like that, however, ignore the realities of political designs and methods. How does Germany hope to cement the proposed hegemony? What are the difficulties in her way, and how can they be increased? German statesmen, whatever their astuteness, have not proved themselves super-Machiavellis. It is no more difficult to analyze their methods than to discover their purposes.

The German evangelist of the Mid-European faith is Friedrich Naumann, and his book, Mitteleuropa, was written since the beginning of the war for home consumption, in the attempt to convert Germans and the other peoples of the Central Powers to the idea. Naumann, therefore, may be trusted to put the best possible face on the project, and to reveal by his arguments the tactics to be employed in its execution. The first striking feature of Naumann's book—to a reader of Washington dispatches—is that he does not put forward his suggestion as a scheme of imperialistic aggression, but as a measure of protection. The Central Powers, fighting together against overwhelming odds, are in danger of being crushed—if not in this war, in some future one. If Germany and Austria are to remain world Powers, they must put their house in order. So runs his argument. He plays on the chord of the encirclement. Imperialist Russia on one side—for this was before the revolution—France, Italy, and the British navy on the other; nothing can withstand these in the long run but absolute unity within. "We have sat together in war's economic prison, we have fought together, we are determined to live together." He pleads with much subdued misgiving and with all his might for full coöperation between Germany and Austria-Hungary, two proud, sensitive and partially competitive empires. For he recognizes immense difficulties in the way of union. He hopes that the union would accrete some of the smaller neighboring nationalities—not by conquest but by a centripetal economic interest. He is aware of the touchy nationalism and economic selfishness of the Magyars. He does not even dare suggest free trade between Austria and Germany. He names the difficulties inherent in all the petty jealousies and racial conflicts involved. He argues that coöperation will benefit all. But he knows he is dealing with men of intense prejudices and little mutual goodwill. So in answering all objections he has to play his trump card—which is always the fear of Imperial Russia and the British blockade.

No one who ever read history is ignorant of the traditional policy of Prussia, the method by which Bismarck united the present German Empire. Creating common enemies in order to heal dissensions at home, and in order to establish the political supremacy of the strongest military state—that is the successful and time-honored method in Germany. What will now unite Germany, Hungary and Austria, and add to them Bulgaria, if the project should be accomplished, is an uncompromising policy of encirclement and aggression on the part of the enemies of the Central Powers. Let the Allies firmly declare that they will retain all German colonies, employ economic discrimination against Central European trade after the war, annex parts of Austria to Italy, Serbia and Russia, parts of Hungary to Rumania, and parts of Bulgaria to Serbia—and the external conditions for creating Mid-Europe are provided to the heart's desire of the Prussian statesman. For such a declaration would face the reluctant peoples with only two alternatives—either economic and political strangulation, or unity under Prussian military leadership. Central Europe would be a dire necessity. After a long war fought under that necessity, it would have become indissoluble. Even the complete military defeat of Germany would not prevent Central Europe from springing into life unless we placed garrisons in our enemies' capitals and held them as subject peoples.

Fortunately, there is another course open to us, and one which would serve our purpose. The Russian Revolution has removed from Bulgaria, Hungary and Austria most of their fear of the east. The discontented and war-worn peoples,

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now that they are freed from the Russian dread, are groaning under the yoke of the North Germans. In Germany itself the Russian Revolution has heartened the anti-imperialists and radicals. The entry of the United States into the war on the basis of the President's Senate address has made possible a new orientation of the Allied encirclement. We must now face the Central Powers with a sword in one hand and an olive branch in the other. We must say, "If you continue to follow the leadership of imperialist Prussia, it will be war to the bitter end. But if you force her to abandon her imperialist designs and relinquish her conquered territory, we will in turn let you into the world confederacy, we shall not attempt to bottle you up in Central Europe. You shall keep your seaports, your trade, your colonies, and all territory which is properly yours, provided you establish autonomy for subject nationalities. Your choice now is not between annihilation and subjection to Prussia, but between subjection to Prussia and free membership in the world."

Such an attitude would slide in the wedge between south and north, between Prussian Junkers and German Social Democrats. Then every military blow, instead of solidifying Central Europe, would drive that wedge in further. Such strategy would at once help in sustaining the independence of southern Europe and in liberalizing such German influence as may in the future be exercised there. For southern Europe cannot be wiped off the map. Its peoples cannot be exterminated. Its mutual dependence will eventually force a certain measure of economic unity, whatever its political boundaries. The only question is whether it is to be forced under Prussian imperial domination. The Allies may now choose whether they will rivet an iron band around Central Europe, or assist in breaking it up and liberalizing it. It is literal truth that if a Prussian Central Europe is created, it will be created through the blindness of Allied diplomacy.

Business as Usual

THE ways of war pass all understanding. Such is the despairing comment of thousands of business men, who find their solid prosperity dissolving, as it were, under the mere name of war. They had become reconciled to giving their sons, if they had sons of military age. They were quite willing to pay their appropriate quota in taxation. But they had not prepared themselves for a transvaluation of business values that might leave them bankrupt. While we remained out of the war the dealer in orchids was held as worthy as the dealer in eggs, and, on the basis of equal cash incomes, rather more respectable. Now we have become belligerent, the orchid dealer's business has become almost suspect. His exquisite wares are avoided even by the gilded youth in love, whose lady might regard Liberty bonds as better evidence of patriotism.

In the orchid dealer's case are also the high-priced milliners, and haberdashers, automobile companies, entertainment enterprises, and heaven knows how many other businesses that have always been prosperous and respected. What wonder is it that we should hear a loud cry against hysterical economy, fervid praises of the principle, "business as usual"? For this principle plausible, if not good argument, can be adduced. If the gilded youth do not buy orchids, wherewith shall the orchid dealer pay his income tax? And how shall he maintain his score or more of employees, whose consumption furnishes further revenue to the government besides giving rents to landlords, profits and wages to grocers and their aids and suppliers? Would it not be better all around if the public continued to buy orchids as usual, and kept money in circulation?

Old-fashioned economists may detect in this argument a fallacy akin to that lurking in the doctrine that waste and destruction make for prosperity, because of the money they set in circulation. Prosperity isn't based upon the buying of things but upon the production of things of use. When a change comes over the world that makes certain things relatively useless, the sooner their production is discouraged the better. But there is no need here for complicated economic argument to prove that business should not go on as usual. It is sufficient to indicate that business can't continue in its customary ways. And the sooner business grasps the situation, the better it will be for business, in the long run.

In the next twelve months we are going to raise seven billions of dollars in war loans, together with at least a billion and a quarter in extraordinary taxation. Where is all this money coming from? The aggregate saving power of the nation in time of peace has been estimated at six billions of dollars. Much of this will be required for establishments producing objects of military need, for transportation, for agriculture, for housing. War or no war, we shall increase in population by some three millions, and the provision of shelter and productive equipment for the additional population must somehow be made. It follows that several billions will have to be saved out of the sums we ordinarily spend on the necessities, comforts and luxuries of life. Shall we retrench equally on all three? We cannot. Therefore it is vain for the purveyors of luxuries

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to hope for business as usual. It is time for them to take in sail.

This, however, is only a minor part of the problem that business will have to face. War, the devourer, will by no means be content with a single seven-billion dollar loan. If the war continues through next year, as all the official prophets predict, we shall have to raise another seven billions, and perhaps still another. This, it may be said, is a mere bagatelle as compared with our two hundred billions of wealth. But let us not overlook the fact that the new savings of each year have very much to do with fixing this valuation at $200,000,000,000. Because there is a copious free investment fund, railway bonds yielding four per cent have sold at par. An acre of land yielding four dollars in rent has been worth $100. What may the bond or the land be worth when war eats up the whole investment fund through two or three years? Let us guess eighty dollars. The British Banker's Magazine has shown that the average value of 387 representative securities has declined twenty per cent since the outbreak of the war. This is primarily a consequence of public borrowings of $15,000,000,000. Our wealth is greater, but much more speculative in character. Hence it is a safe surmise that our capital values will decline about as heavily, if our public borrowings run anywhere near $20,000,000,000.

To put the same thing under another form, investments will have to yield five per cent instead of the four per cent adequate to maintain parity before the war. The holders of four per cent investments will have to scale down their capital value accordingly. This in itself will mean much. It will amount to the disappearance of some forty billions of value. But what will mean most is the effect of the higher interest rate on new borrowings. There is scarcely a business that will not be compelled to modify its policy by such a change in the interest rate. Here for example, is a railway that follows tortuous contours up to a watershed and down again. A cutoff with a tunnel would cost $10,000,000 and save $450,000 a year. Will it pay? At four per cent, yes; at five per cent, no. This principle, it is easy to see, is of general application. Our whole economic structure will have to be readjusted to higher interest rates.

We are still far from an adequate view of what must happen to business. There are three parties to the distribution of the social income: labor, capital and the state. The state's share was minor, before the war. This share will now be immensely increased. A billion or more will have to be raised for interest on the public debt, if we continue at war through next year. Another large sum will have to be raised for pensions, and it is very improbable that after the war the state will pursue a policy of parsimony and neglect toward the poorer of its population, established by war as its invaluable asset. Heavy taxation of large incomes has apparently come to stay. And this again involves a change in the direction of industry. Less must be produced for the rich and more for those of modest means.

As for the share of labor, there are good reasons for expecting it also to increase. Every European nation has been forced to recognize the close relation between the national power and the vigor of the general population. The same relation will be impressed upon us. Conscription will bring home to us the damage we have suffered through overwork and underpay among extensive classes of our population. Forces making for better conditions for labor will have the support of a reawakened national consciousness.

Besides, the close of the war will restore to our working classes hundreds of thousands, perhaps millions of men who have learned to risk everything on the firing line. They will be men who have learned more fundamental lessons in democracy than are ever taught in civil life. They will have lost many illusions as to the respectability of an order that distributes rewards on any other basis than service. From all the warring countries, even Germany, we hear reports of the growing insubordination of the working class, the fading respect for wealth and social status. Yet the soldiers have not returned from the field. Is it possible that our own working class will fail to react to the same influences? Hardly. There will be less cringing, less desperate hanging to jobs that merely ward off starvation. Business will have to accommodate itself to a working class that demands more, and is ready to fight harder for it.

Before the war business was enthroned. Business interests were regarded as identical with national interests. And if here and there bad business was discovered, this was held to be the exception to the rule. But a régime of war has thrown into relief fundamental realities that had become blurred in the mist of money-making. Profit no longer appears to anyone as the measure of service. More and more of the profit takers, among the suppliers of munitions, the purveyors of food, are coming to be classed with outlaws. The state is perfecting its machinery for absorbing the chance gains that represented the romance of the business régime. Business enthroned did not give to the world healthy, happy, rationally organized states. It did not forestall the unimaginable calamity of a world war. Therefore business must suffer a diminution of influence along

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with the other powers that ruled and failed to conserve the welfare of the peoples. The revolution that is brewing underneath the world war threatens to shake the foundations of economic, as well as those of political minority rule.

The Railway Rate Question

ON its face the case for the railways in their demand for more remunerative rates appears to be good, on the ground of fairness as well as of national expediency. When the government took away from the railways the right to determine the charges for their service, it constituted of railway property a class apart. All ordinary businesses live under a régime of fluctuations, good years alternating with lean. Prompt upward adjustment of prices to conditions of business expansion is the basis of their prosperity. We do not permit the railways to make such adjustment. Another business raises prices because it can; the railway may raise its charges only if it can prove that it must. Therefore the railway is precluded from accumulating great surpluses in time of prosperity wherewith to maintain its credit in time of depression. Now, it was no part of the government's intention to confiscate railway property or place the holders of it at a disadvantage as compared with other property holders. Accordingly the railways should be protected against excessive decline of income as they are denied excessive increase of income. This means that when the movement of traffic is subnormal, or operating costs above normal, the railways should be granted an advance in rates, to be withdrawn when earnings become excessive.

At the present moment the movement of traffic is greater than ever before. It is too great for maximum economy in handling. Moreover, the proportion of low-grade freight, like coal, is greater than ever before, with the result that ton-mile receipts are at their lowest level. But the outstanding feature of the railway situation is the extraordinary advance in costs. Everything the railways buy has advanced in price from 25 per cent to 200 per cent. The advance in coal alone will cost the railways $130,000,000 this year. Labor has gone up in price, chiefly in consequence of the Adamson law. Under wages the railways will pay out $50,000,000 more than usual. The receipts of the railways have increased, but not at all in proportion to those extraordinary increases in expense. There seems to be no ground at all for calling in question the statement of the railway managers that the financial position of many of the roads has been decidedly weakened by this discrepancy between income and outlay.

Such a weakening of the financial position of the railways was not contemplated by the government or the people when the principle of regulation was adopted. We wished to permit the railways to earn a fair return, neither more nor less. It may be that rates as they existed before the advent of war prices were excessive. We have not yet determined on what basis of capital valuation the railways shall be permitted to earn fair profits: physical valuation, market value of outstanding securities or some other capital basis. But pending an authoritative decision on this matter, we may assume that railway property owners were far from being a favored class before the recent shrinkage of railway net income. It is long since our markets have known anything like a boom in railway securities. It is also long since the railways have found the markets favorable to new flotations. A certain advance in railway rates would therefore appear justified by considerations of fairness to a class of property owners whose rights are as good as those of any other class.

On the ground of national expediency the case for advancing rates is even stronger. We are suffering under a quite unprecedented shortage of railway equipment. We have not enough cars and locomotives to move our traffic promptly and efficiently. Our terminal facilities are no longer adequate. Several hundreds of millions ought to be available at once if we are to make the most of such facilities as we have. But where are the funds to be had? The present is a singularly bad time for raising money through the flotation of securities. The Liberty Loan is calculated to sweep the investment market clean for months to come. And we are contemplating a long war, with additional loans, very likely at higher interest rates. The general market situation is therefore unfavorable to the flotation of any kind of long term corporation securities, and is likely to be still more unfavorable before the war is over. Not even a restoration of railway net income to a satisfactory level will mend this situation. However secure a new railway loan might be, it would have to promise a higher rate of return than the rate which has prevailed in recent years, if it is to compete with government loans for the limited supply of investment capital. But new issues at a higher rate would inevitably depress the price of outstanding securities and thus affect railway credit adversely. The conclusion appears to be clear: If we are to have additional railway equipment it must be paid for out of income. But railway income, as it stands to-day, affords no adequate surplus above interest on bonds and equitable dividends on stock to provide the necessary equipment. Strictly as a war measure, then, an advance in railway rates appears desirable.

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But here a serious objection arises. Shall we permit the railways to provide themselves with equipment at the cost of the public, and later collect payment from the public for the use of this equipment as a return on capital invested? The railways now make a virtue of their ancient custom of financing improvements out of income. Such improvements enter into the physical valuation of the railways. When we are ready to nationalize the railways we shall have to pay full value for them. So far as past improvements thus financed are concerned, we can not do otherwise. Now that we have gone over to a régime in which we allow the railways only fair profits, shall we permit them to take surplus profits, disguising them under the form of investments on which we shall pay returns and which we may later have to buy at their full value? It seems to be clear that we ought to distinguish between the problem of advancing rates for the sake of fairness to railway property holders and the problem of providing additional railway equipment out of income. So far as the former problem is concerned, we ought to proceed with due deliberation. There is a prima facie case for higher rates in the great increase in operating expenses. How far this increase in cost may be offset by economies of operation the Interstate Commerce Commission must be expected to take its time in determining. There is more than a prima facie case for higher rates in the necessity for additional railway equipment. Our national efficiency is seriously impaired by dearth of railway equipment. This is a situation that requires instant remedy.

Now, it should be possible, as a strictly war measure, to grant at once an advance in railway rates of, say, twenty-five per cent, with the stipulation that the whole of the resulting increase in net income should be devoted to equipment until the claims of the railways for greater revenues should be fully adjudicated. The value of such equipment, in excess of what should later be determined as the legitimate claims of railway property holders, could be deducted from the valuation upon which the railways are permitted to earn returns, or receive compensation in case of the nationalization of railways.

Thus to treat the problem of advancing railway rates as a national military measure would also serve to dispose of the vexatious problem of interstate rates. The Interstate Commerce Commission has not the competence to order an advance in intrastate rates. An advance in interstate rates without a correlative advance in intrastate rates upsets the whole competitive rate structure. Now, there can be little doubt that the government could, as a military measure, order an advance, for the financing of equipment, in all rates, state as well as interstate. We wish to do justice to the railways, and we wish to do justice to the shipping public. The determination of the precise level of rates that will be just to both parties is an extremely complex problem, requiring much time for its solution. But while we haggle over the problem the national efficiency will suffer, unless we treat the need for equipment as paramount and proceed at once to a tentative solution. Such a solution as is here proposed would safeguard the interests of both the railways and the public as no hasty action of the Interstate Commerce Commission on the pending case would be likely to do. What is more important, it would offer a way to finance railway improvements at a time when market conditions are unfavorable to the flotation of securities, without inflicting upon the public the necessity of paying returns on capital furnished under compulsion by the public itself.

Taking Scarsdale off the Market

THROUGHOUT the country women are grappling with the food problem so earnestly that it may seem invidious to single out any one group for special appreciation. But at a time when so many eager volunteers find their energies balked by a confusion of counsels, a concrete demonstration of effective procedure is like a blazed trail in the mountains.

Scarsdale is one of scores of detached villages that encircle our American cities. In normal times it was a retreat for tired business men and a nursery for transient children, and except for the click of the golf ball on its famous links and the infrequent ring of the amateur ax, harsh sounds rarely broke the stillness of its woods and fields. It ate, as it were, à la carte. An order left with the grocer or sent in by telephone brought food as from a miraculous store. When to liberalize the education of its children it started a school garden movement some time ago, the enterprise failed because the children could see no necessary connection between agriculture and their daily bread. Like most prosperous suburbs, it lived a heavenly parasitic life.

When war came, and especially when Mr. Hoover brought home to America the larger significance of the food crisis, the women of Scarsdale set out to provision their own households—"to take Scarsdale off the market" as they say. They pooled their kitchen gardens, such vacant lots as they could borrow and an old farm tract of thirty-five acres adjoining the high school into a community garden. To get working capital

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they issued ten dollar shares in their coöperative undertaking. Blanks were sent to all householders asking them how many days and precisely what days they or the members of their families could give to agricultural work, and if full days were out of the question, how many hours and when. The officers of the Home Defense League agreed to give credit for work done in the community garden as though it were time spent in drill. The Boy Scouts volunteered as an emergency agricultural unit. And the school children were listed in an agricultural reserve.

All this preliminary work was done by volunteers; but they avoided the frequent mistake of entrusting the serious business of production to the generous caprice of amateurs. Once all available labor had been mobilized and the scattered parcels of land had been brought under centralized control, they employed a trained agriculturist to manage the work and see it through. The various soils were chemically analyzed as a guide to intelligent planting. The manager hired a skilled plowman at seven dollars a day, started him on the central farm near the high school and routed him through the gardens of the village. Fertilizers and seed were bought through the central purchasing office of the county and distributed to the soil in scientifically balanced rations. Hundreds of sacks of potatoes were cut for planting by the coöperators in the community garden under the trained eye of the manager. The larger tracts have been planted principally to crops that can be held over for winter storage—army beans, carrots, beets, winter cabbage, rutabagas, potatoes, corn, onions. Because of their proximity to the kitchens and the handiness of the garden hose, the private gardens and the smaller plots carry the perishable garden truck for immediate consumption. Already the land has been plowed, harrowed and seeded, and the onions at least are up. Short of hail, lightning or other act of God, Scarsdale will be largely off the market by the middle of summer.

The local suffrage organization has been given the major responsibility for keeping the farm volunteers in coördinated motion. Volunteer supervisors are constantly on the rounds to see that people who have promised to do certain work report on time and make good. Cards margined by decimals from ten to one hundred have been issued to all volunteers. The work is measured by the hour and hourly credits are given redeemable in vegetables or money as the crops come in. The yield of all the land included in the community garden is to be pooled into a community redemption fund and a card punched to one hundred is worth a dollar in vegetables or cash.

So far all the work has been done by adults. The mothers of Scarsdale do not agree with the New York legislature that the salvation of the country hinges on the curtailment of the school year. "We are looking for results," they say, "not regrets." After the school term is finished the children of twelve and over will be set to work in shifts not exceeding two hours. They will be mobilized in groups of six under the direct supervision of a committee made up of a clergyman, the high school superintendent and the master of the Boy Scouts. Ten cents an hour will be paid to children between the ages of twelve and fifteen; those between fifteen and twenty-one will receive twenty cents; and the rate for adults will be a quarter. The scale is placed low because the managers of the community garden are running it as a part of the national service and not for profit.

And while the crops are growing, the women of Scarsdale have prepared to preserve their surplus of summer perishables. The kitchen in the domestic science department of the high school will be converted into a miniature canning and dehydrating factory under expert supervision. They have adopted Mr. Hoover's program of maximum production, adequate consumption, and minimum waste.

No doubt there are innumerable Scarsdales dotted about the country, but none could be more thoroughly or intelligently organized. Wherever they are, they are rendering real patriotic service. They will help to clear the railroads of much unnecessary traffic and will release tons and carloads of foodstuffs to the industrial centers and our allies. Noncombatants who have been at a loss to know what most useful service to render will be safe in following the example of Scarsdale. Spring is backward and there is still time to begin.

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Alcohol to Zinc

IT becomes clear that the various boards and committees of the Council of National Defense are developing into a scheme of things much more ambitious, much more comprehensive, than the one that is imaged by the Ministry of Munitions at London. The Ministry of Munitions procures only munitions, and it procures them only for the army. The various boards and committees of the Council of National Defense at Washington are groping toward a decisive civilian partnership not only in munitions but in non-munitions as well, and not only on behalf of the army but equally on behalf of the navy. Can this scheme be consummated and will it make a separate Ministry of Munitions at Washington unnecessary?

The answer must lie in the character and in the policy of the six men, the six Cabinet members, of whom the Council of National Defense is made. Already, in setting up General Goethals as the head of a sort of independent shipbuilding principality, and in planning to set up Mr. Hoover as a sort of Lord High Victualler in a province of his own, the administration has fractured and weakened the idea that the Council of National Defense is the organ through which the war tasks of the United States are to get their composite executive direction and their unified executive momentum. Will the Council now lose its oversight of munitions to a Lord High Munitioneer and its oversight of non-munitions to some new Mogul of Socks and Blankets, so that, finally, in these matters and in others, we shall have at Washington a set of Cabinet Members and then another set of Special War Dictators, all held together by nothing but a President whose overwhelming personal task is a study of European world-politics? Or will the Council, can the Council, secure for its various boards and committees the powers that will enable them to purchase our war supplies and to deliver them to our army and navy rapidly and adequately under a control freshly civilian in its temperament and yet, in its structure, consolidated to our old departments and consolidated likewise (and most especially) to our daily grouped executive national decisions?

For the safety of the nation, for the safety of the world, the answer to these questions must be somehow determined and must pass somehow into final action, final executive action or final congressional action, before many more weeks have gone by.

The Council of National Defense now exhibits at least three phases in its use of civilian energy for war purposes and it has deposited, in its progress, at least three strata of civilian boards and committees. In the beginning it seemed inclined to regard its Advisory Commission as its principal, if not its sole, point of important contact with the civilian world. The committees then formed were Advisory-Commission committees. Each of the seven members of the Advisory Commission supplied himself with a group, or with several groups, of fellow-civilians drawn by himself from his own special field.

This phase is even to-day the only phase recognized by the general public. It embraces three committees of especial interest in the matter of war supplies: Mr. Howard E. Coffin's Committee on Munitions and Manufacturing, which inherited the Naval Consulting Board's "Industrial Inventory" of 27,000 American factories; Mr. Julius Rosenwald's Committee on Supplies, which has Sub-Committees on Cotton Goods and Woolen Goods and Knit Goods and Leather Goods; and Mr. Bernard M. Baruch's Committee on Raw Materials, which has some sixteen Sub-Committees, beginning with Alcohol and Aluminum and Asbestos and running rather impartially down through the alphabet to Zinc.

Of these Advisory-Commission committees it is to be said that they did their first work of great value with their faces set away from Washington toward the rest of the country. When they persuaded large numbers of producers and manufacturers and dealers, singly or in groups, to offer their commodities to the United States for war service at favorable prices, they created a concert of business impulses much more important than the prices themselves. They organized the country's willingness. To bring that willingness into effective use in the actual purchase of war supplies by the Army Department and by the Navy Department at Washington, they were obliged, for the most part, to await the appearance of the second and third phases in the Council's development.

The second phase, the second and ampler outlook on the problem, was evidenced, soon, by numerous new bodies of civilians attached not to the Advisory Commission at all, but to the Council itself. The Council itself, as the war part of the Cabinet, has a Director—Mr. W. S. Gifford—who popularly is the agent of the Advisory Commission but who actually is the Council's own agent in the organization of all its activities. The new bodies, on any chart of organization, send their

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lines of connection directly to the Council through Mr. Gifford's office. They face Washington squarely. They are, by their very constitution, within the immediate area of executive action.

There are now some thirteen or fourteen such bodies. Some of them (like Mr. W. A. Shaw's Commercial Economy Board) are not concerned with the procuring of war supplies. Others (like Mr. F. A. Scott's Munitions Standards Board) are concerned with it intimately.

In that field of standardization, incidentally, it is proper to remark that the necessity and the efficacy of civilian intervention have been remarkably revealed and demonstrated.

As for the necessity, we may take an instance from the aircraft industry. A manufacturer, cited recently by Mr. Coffin, is making fittings for planes. Among these fittings is a bolt. It is used by all the plane builders, who are his customers, for an identical purpose. Yet he has to meet six different specifications as to character of metal, fifty different specifications as to length, eight different specifications (varying by thousandths of an inch) as to diameter, and six different specifications as to the thickness of the bolt's head. The result, when all the permutations and combinations are calculated, is many hundreds of variables—that is, many hundreds of different varieties of bolt for the same bolt-need. Quick quantity production of planes in the plane factories of the United States for the army and navy, which have always been our only possible great users of planes, is manifestly out of the question until such conditions are uprooted. The army and navy, however, not being composed of production engineers, have quite naturally left that uprooting largely undone.

As for the efficacy of civilian intervention, we may take an instance from the motor-trucks industry. We now have a clear technical run ahead of us for quick quantity production of motor-trucks for the army. It is laid down in a little book—a little book of final standardized specifications for American motor-trucks for American army service. The contents of that book have been approved by the War Department. They embody long labors willingly and successfully contributed by the Society of Automotive Engineers.

Other similar contributions are being made to our military success by that Society so numerously that its members will soon deserve a stand of regimental colors in their headquarters in New York and so continuously that they now maintain a permanent representative at Washington who links them to the daily work of the Council of National Defense by being the manager of the Automotive Sub-Committee of Mr. Coffin's Committee on Munitions and Manufacturing.

These labors of standardization, whether accomplished through Mr. Coffin's committee, which is still an Advisory-Commission committee, or through the Munitions Standards Board, which is a direct Council-of-National-Defense Board, are to-day equally in the spirit of the second phase of the Council's development—the phase in which the Council's civilian bodies tend to be attached to the Council itself rather than to the Advisory Commission and in which their technical findings tend to become almost automatically sanctioned and officialized by the ready approval of the War and Navy Departments.

Nevertheless the goal is not yet reached. Technical findings with regard to such matters as standardization do not produce actual contracts for the immediate purchase of supplies. Purchase, civilian control of purchase, must be had. Therefore a third phase emerges and brings with it a General Munitions Board, which is quite distinct from the Munitions Standards Board, and which has a character probably unique in the world-history of this war. It seems to endeavor to combine every possible element that could conceivably be put into a board constituted for the purchase of war supplies.

The General Munitions Board of the United States is attached, formally, to the office of the Director of the Council of National Defense of the United States. It reports responsibly to the six Cabinet members on whom is laid the duty of establishing joint decisions, comprehensive and consistent, distributing our resources and harmonizing our projects in the daily practical executive conduct of the war. At its head is a business man, who is also at the head of the Munitions Standards Board—Mr. F. A. Scott. It comprises delegates from the Army Department. It comprises delegates from the Navy Department. It includes special representatives from the Advisory Commission's Committees on Raw Materials and on Supplies and on Munitions and Manufacturing. What those representatives have learned about business conditions and business offerings in the industries of the country they thus bring officially to the same table with the delegates from the Army and Navy Departments. And, finally, the General Munitions Board has sub-committees of its own, composed of business men, on special types of purchases such as small arms and ammunition and such as construction contracts.

The recommendations of the General Munitions Board with regard to purchases are transmitted back to the Army and Navy Departments. There, in principle, they may be allowed or disallowed. There, in principle, they may forthwith be signed or they may be laid away. In practice, normally,

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increasingly they tend to be forthwith signed. Coöperation, cordial coöperation, seems to be the ruling prospect or, at any rate, the mood of the movement.

Parallel with the General Munitions Board runs the Aircraft Production Board. It, too, deals with purchases. It, too, has a civilian at its head and members from civilian life and members from the Army and Navy Departments. It, too, reports to the Council. Its chairman, Mr. Coffin, illustrates the shift that has taken place in the center of gravity of the Council's work. He used to be principally an adviser, at the head of an Advisory-Commission committee. Now, though he is still at the head of that Advisory-Commission committee, he is principally and most energetically an executive, at the head of a board making recommendations which lead directly to specific contracts for actual purchases.

Parallel with the General Munitions Board and with the Aircraft Production Board run certain other important developments which are still obscure in detail but quite clear in general effect. They make civilian recommendation an increasingly important preliminary to military and naval purchases of supplies.

Such is the history, roughly, of the development of the organization of the war-supplies work of the Council of National Defense. No one can deny that much has been done. No one can deny that much remains to be done. The scheme of things disclosed is admirably inclusive. It stretches out toward almost every sort of war-supplies known, with a few exceptions—such as ships of the fleet. What it needs is a sure unquestionable confirmation of the powers even now almost within the grasp of the new bodies which exemplify the proved idea of civilian domination of the civilian processes of purchase and of manufacture.

If that confirmation can be had, through the initiative and under the direction of the six members of the Council of National Defense, we could combine the unity of purpose which the Council was designed to give us with the rapidity of purchase and of manufacture which the French and British Ministry of Munitions, through civilian domination, have proved to be possible and which, indeed, in this emergency, is necessary. Between unity and rapidity we would have to sacrifice unity. The six members of the Council of National Defense can quite possibly, if they will, give us both.

WILLIAM HARD.

War as Pretext

ALMOST as general as the cry of "business as usual" has been the insistence that the war must not be used to foist on us one innovation or another, when ability to discriminate has for the moment yielded to an unreasoning desire for service. In a campaign of advertising the Brewers' Board of Trade discloses a fear that national prohibition may be brought in under the guise of an emergency war move. Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, in a letter to Congress, urges that in the revenue bill now pending there be specific guaranty that the new taxes are not to be "included as part of our permanent taxing policy, even by inference." Congress itself, concerned over its temporary recourse to conscription, tacks a proviso on to a measure subsequently passed, declaring that when it voted for conscription it in no way meant to encourage universal military service as a permanent program. On every side there is an attempt to make public opinion alert to the dangers of permitting the war to be used as propaganda.

In Mobilizing America Mr. Arthur Bullard points out the difficulties governments abroad had, because of this suspicion that behind emergency war measures there lurked some agitation for permanent revision. Both in England and in France the savings of a temporary form of prohibition might have been affected, had not the ardor of the peace-time prohibitionists frightened brewers into concern over a permanent interference with their profits. In England the adoption of heavy income taxes was facilitated by the understanding that they were not to imply a continuation of the policy when peace came; but in France, where an income tax law was being discussed in the Chambre des Deputés when the war broke out, there was an attempt to let the permanent fiscal reform ride in on the wave of a crisis. The opponents of the measure were thus brought into line against even its temporary adoption, and an unnecessary and disadvantageous delay occurred. Mobilization has gone forward most smoothly where there has been the least confusion over the time limits of new power.

There is no doubt that in this country organization for war can be expedited by an assurance that each new authority sought for the government is sought temporarily. There will be less opposition to the enormous powers which the administration has asked for Mr. Hoover—power to fix maximum and minimum prices, to authorize new standards for milling products, to prevent

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hoarding, monopolization, waste and the exaction of excessive profits—if clear provision is made for their lapsing, when the emergency of war has passed. The government is asking, and must continue to ask, for extensive control over commerce and industry and capital. Its increasing authority may be vaguely enough defined, but it must be sharply limited as to time, if there is not to be delay in the granting of those powers declared to be essential in the management of the war.

Nevertheless, there is danger in making a principle of what should be no more than a caution. Part of an efficient response to an emergency consists in taking the shortest road to readiness. But there is much to be gained if differentiation is made between innnovations bearing so directly upon a military and economic aggressive as to endanger personal liberty if they do not disappear at the end of the war, and innovations which consist in a remodeling of our national organization so that it operates more efficiently and more humanely. To insist that changes of this latter sort be as temporary as the centralization of war powers is to adopt the strange hypothesis that we desire our national institutions improved upon, not that we may permanently enjoy the benefit of better political and social organization, but solely that we may use a momentarily increased power to annihilate a foreign influence.

Why should not war serve as a pretext to foist innovations upon the country? On April 30th Senator Kenyon introduced a measure in Congress providing for a government budget. The adoption of a budget system has long been urged by men of every political group, and staved off only by national inertia and a few jealous beneficiaries in Congress. Mr. Kenyon has tried repeatedly to get consideration for his measure, pointing out that with unprecedented expenditures to be made, chiefly in lump sums, there is a greater reason for the installation of a sound system of accounting. But Congress is loth to take up the idea. A budget would safeguard both the executive and legislative branches in meeting the vast costs of war, and, in times of peace, would be an agreeable improvement over the irresponsible log-rolling system that at present prevails. Nevertheless, Mr. Kenyon has not been able to bring his measure before the Senate. Earlier objections are now reinforced by a plausible and popular excuse. Being an innovation, a budget system falls outside the bounds. It must not be foisted upon the country with war as a pretext.

The existing methods, social and political, by which we govern ourselves are suggestive of many evident improvements. Like a transportation system they serve well enough, despite certain weak sections, to carry the usual load. Subjected to the strain of an emergency, the weaker rails give way. Stronger ones must replace them, if the emergency is to be met. But does the return to normal conditions constitute a reason for tearing up the better sections which exigency has caused to be built in?

There is a parallel for this theory in the problem of dealing with labor in a war situation. England began to mobilize by trying to forget that there was a social conflict. Appeals were made to men and women in industry to be patriotic enough to give up the standards which they had slowly won for themselves, and thus imperil the national cause by the inevitable falling off in individual efficiency. Simultaneously profits were to go on accumulating, unrestricted. But the cleavages between capital and labor could not be bridged by catchwords; after four months of unsatisfying experience restrictions were placed on war profits and the Under-Secretary of War appealed to the union leaders in Parliament to do precisely what they had for many years before the war been volunteering to do—"to help the government organize the forces of labor." Mobilization has gone far enough in England for the labor unions to be recognized as indispensable institutions. They are consulted in any program which affects them; it is seen to be a national profit to extend their influence, rather than to guarantee, for the moment of the war, the security of their prerogatives. Doubtless, before this country is fully organized for war, many innovations will need to be introduced into the existing industrial order. Can the mobilization of labor, about which so much has been written, be most effectively accomplished if we go about it with the understanding that those innovations which fit labor to a national purpose are to be dropped, and the old state of indifference and disorder substituted, simply because there has ceased to be a battle-line on the Marne?

The war will force reorganization along many lines. As we turn to the farms for an unprecedented crop we find that we have made securing it less likely by leaving many of our farmers, as tenants and penniless homesteaders, without the habits and the equipment for successful cultivation. If, as a war policy, we begin the organization of our agriculture intelligently, are we to let it go to the shambles again, once peace has come? Are those sections of the new food legislation which aim to shut off monopolies and outrageous profiteering any less relevant in a time of peace than when we are at war? As a war measure, Congress recently enacted a law giving to the Interstate Commerce Commission authority to deal with the problems of car shortage. Twenty-five

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million bushels of grain, which should have been moved at once, were being held in the state of Minnesota on May 3rd. Under such circumstances is there any less reason for this new power of government direction in a great public utility, when the country is not at war? For many years the custom of senatorial courtesy has been a corruptor of good administration. Efforts to abolish it have regularly failed; last week, under the compulsion of an emergency, the lower house struck a first blow for competent administration, by cutting out from the new Navy bill the proviso for senatorial confirmation of minor naval appointments. Indications of how well war serves as a pretext are diffused, but they are many.

The theory of going into war with one eye on making the world safe for democracy and the other upon a quick and unscarred return to the domestic status quo ante is not a farsighted policy. There is in existence a great mass of opinion, ready to meet each innovation with a cry of warning. It is not organized, but it is active on many sides. No doubt there will be innovations which, like conscription, will have only a temporary purpose to accomplish. But a line can be drawn between changes premised on an unnatural situation and those wrought in institutions which will go on existing when peace has come. It is a certain extenuation of war that by creating enormous pressure, it makes obvious the defects in political and economic organization. We shall not be accomplishing in this war much that we are setting out to accomplish if we foreclose to ourselves the full chances of profiting from a dear experience.

CHARLES MERZ.

Psychiatric Clinics

THE universal recognition of the value of physical examinations is now being followed by a demand for mental examinations. To meet the economic requirements of a modern society both are necessary. The psychiatric clinic attempts a scientific classification of the mental capacity of individuals and has an especially important future in education, in the organization of large efficient forces such as armies, and especially in the care and disposition of delinquents.

It is not expensive to maintain as it does not require elaborate buildings or equipment, its only cost being that of personnel and records. The clinic at Sing Sing, consisting of the director and two assistants, is maintained at $10,000 a year.

As a factor in penology, the psychiatric clinic took its first definite form in Chicago about ten years ago, when Dr. William Healy, supported by private funds, was appointed adviser to the Juvenile Delinquent Court, for the purpose of advising the court in all cases in which the mentality of the juvenile delinquent seemed open to question. The delinquents, with an upper age limit of eighteen years, were sent by the court or brought by the police or probation officer to the Juvenile Detention Home, where the special examinations were made by Dr. Healy and his staff. The recommendations made to the court were based more on the capacities and limitations of the boy or girl as determined by the mental examinations, than they were on the actual offense. In psychopathic individuals the actual offense is generally a matter of circumstances. It may be remembered that Jean Chatel, the demented young man who attempted the life of Henry IV, started out with the intention of killing, not the king, but himself.

The work in Chicago proved so useful and met with such hearty endorsement by all whom it touched that the past years have found both magistrates and prison authorities turning more and more to psychiatrists for advice in the cases in which punishment does not help. The methods of such clinics as Dr. Healy may be said to have founded are quite different from those of the criminal anthropologists, headed by Lombroso. These latter attempt to distinguish criminal types on the basis of anatomical characteristics. Psychiatric clinicians recognize physical anomalies only in so far as they indicate actual disease or as they coincide with pathological mental traits. Abnormal ears, queerly shaped heads and other physical stigmata of degeneration betray faults in development, but do not by themselves prove a defective or abnormal mind. The psychiatric method is also quite different from that of "mental testing." The latter is concerned with the intellectual side of the problem; it demonstrates feeble-mindedness; but many unstable and unbalanced persons are well endowed intellectually. Their incapacities result from abnormalities of the will, from tendencies to habit formation, from lack of self-control, and suggestibility. In these fields mental testing gives comparatively little useful information. Psychiatry on the other hand considers all the factors concerned in behavior, which in the case of the psychopathic delinquent is so apt to be abnormal behavior. It endeavors to identify the pathological personality of which the crime is only a symptom, to determine the mechanism of conduct, to balance the individual debits and credits, and on the basis of its final estimate to determine the circumstances best calculated to further reconstruction.

The work done by the men, preferably men

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trained in hospitals for the insane, who constitute such a clinic, divides itself into two branches. One serves the court by advising as to the disposal of the delinquents before sentence, while the other suggests to prison authorities the most reasonable classification, treatment and industrial disposition of the abnormal persons under their charge. An example of the first branch is the Chicago institution now in charge of Dr. Herman M. Adler, of Harvard. After five years of private support it has been taken over by Cook County. Dr. Adler examines about one-third of the children in the Juvenile Detention Home, advises as to probation, as to sending the children to the official farm or to the families of selected farmers, or to industrial schools or to institutions for the feeble-minded. The Judge of the Juvenile Court, who once put no faith in the practical value of abnormal psychology, is now quoted as saying that he would not continue his work if he were to be deprived of the benefit of his psychiatric coadjutor.

New York City followed the lead of Cook County, by assigning, on January 1st, 1917, three psychiatrists to the Children's Court; and, prior to that, in 1915, private funds established the police laboratory, which maintains four psychiatrists, who every day examine large numbers of arrested persons. The number of arrests in New York City—215,000 per year—limits the routine examinations to one district, though the laboratory is called upon, from all parts of the city, to decide on the question of sanity in cases of arson, anonymous letters, sex crimes, and other offences suggesting a pathological origin.

Among the clinics for the special examinations of sentenced prisoners is the one at the penitentiary on Blackwell's Island supported by New York City, and the one recently organized by the department of Charities and Corrections, Westchester County.

Under the name of the Psychiatric and Sociological Department, the United States Army has established a clinic at its Disciplinary Barracks at Ft. Leavenworth, Kansas. Every prisoner on admission to the Disciplinary Barracks is examined as to his mental, moral and intellectual qualities by Major Edgar King, who has conducted the clinic since its foundation in 1914. On the basis of these examinations, the commanding officer of the barracks, who has the power to shorten the terms of prisoners who come sentenced, as well as to hold courts martial of his own, decides on the punishments and rewards to be given the individual prisoners. Prisoners deemed worthy are drilled in companies by army officers. The result is that many of them, although their sentence carried with it "dishonorable discharge" from the army, are finally restored to the colors as reclaimed and reliable soldiers.

An article in the April issue of Mental Hygiene by Dr. Bernard Glueck, Director of the Psychiatric Clinic, Sing Sing Prison, is important as it gives the detail results of work of this kind in relation to Criminal Courts and to correctional and penal institutions. The Psychiatric Clinic at Sing Sing Prison, supported by private funds and authorized by the Superintendent of Prisons, was, on August 1st, 1916, assigned quarters in the prison for the purpose of making mental examinations on all new admissions. It was not, as is sometimes stated, created by Mr. Osborne and it is committed to no policies of prison management. It was established solely for the purpose of gathering material on which policies may be based. It has no voice, nor does it ask for any, in the management of the prison or in the treatment or disposal of the inmates. When requested, it informs the warden as to the mental state of certain inmates, sends the results of its examinations to the Parole Board and is occasionally consulted by the Welfare League in regard to some refractory member of the league. It hopes to determine the distribution and extent of inferiority of different varieties among men convicted of crime, and the most humane, sensible and economical way of dealing with them.

Dr. Glueck in this, his initial published report, embracing the results of examinations of the first fifty consecutive admissions, distinguishes the following types:

1. Defective delinquents who show various degrees of arrested development. Their school careers indicate inability to learn, and truancy, and terminate before the fifth grade. Industrially they are inefficient, and incapable of holding positions. They are the dupes of the more intelligent criminals.

2. Psychopathic delinquents. Thaw types. Poorly organized unstable individuals, impulsive, irritable, emotional, and often unable to resist suggestions. Intellectually capable, they are, by reason of their inability to adapt themselves to conditions, in frequent conflict with the school authorities and in later life with the law on account of crimes of passion. Under existing criminal procedure it is difficult or impossible to arrive at any just estimate as to the legal responsibility of these individuals. Under strict discipline they do well and many of this class are reclaimed in the Fort Leavenworth Disciplinary Barracks.

3. Insane delinquents. Many of these have had sojourns in hospitals for the insane prior to present conviction.

4. Individuals who showed normal mental development up to the latter part of adolescence, when they suddenly changed and became addicted to excesses of all sorts. Perhaps some of these correspond to Freud's sexual neurosis.

Cases of disabling physical diseases, especially those

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affecting the nervous system, must be added to these abnormal mental types.

If further examinations confirm the result of the clinic's first six months' work, they will leave little doubt, as many have always suspected, that perhaps one-half of our male convicts are individuals whose crimes are the natural, if not the inevitable outcome, under present social conditions, of their enfeebled mental condition; and that the problem of their direction and management, not only when they reach the criminal age, but in childhood and adolescence, is a medical problem.

According to the plan suggested by the Prison Association the new Sing Sing is to serve as a reception and classification center for all the prisons of the state of New York. It is to be hoped that by the time the building is completed that it will no longer be necessary to support the psychiatric clinic by private funds, but that the special examination of new prisoners with a view to their proper classification will become a part of our state prison system. By classifying and assigning to tasks to which they are most fitted, and by determining the kind of discipline under which they work best, it can make certain members of psychopathic delinquents useful in industry or in agriculture, perhaps even to a point in excess of the cost of their maintenance. It would be a gain for the prison, but a still greater one for the state, if when inmates leave the prison they shall have been educated to a degree to be able to support themselves. It is in economic independence that lies the most certain protective against crime.

The benefits to be derived from Psychiatric Clinics are not limited to actual offenders or to the insane. It is the aim of psychiatry to recognize abnormal mental trends early, to correct them at once, and to give suitable advice as to vocational fitness; in short, to discover and offset the conditions which prevent an individual from fitting his environment. These vexed questions are too extensive to be treated of in this article. It may be said, however, that in addition to the tests of intelligence now made of backward children in schools, there should be some arrangement by which psychiatric examinations could be made of children who, though not mentally retarded, are difficult to discipline and who do not do well in their studies. Psychiatric clinics are certainly necessary in the selection of a large army. Many will enlist who were never intended to be soldiers and others will break down under the strain of discipline, of fatigue and emotional excitement. Who are better qualified to determine the conditions most likely to avert and repair these collapses than men who spend their lives in the study of the mental performance of the human machine?

PEARCE BAILEY, M.D.

On the Level

I USED to hear in vaudeville houses a song of The Baggage Coach Ahead. It told, as I remember it, of a poor man with a baby crying in his arms, and of the passengers' exasperation. "Take it out!" said one; and another: "Oh, where is its mother, oh, take it to her!" "'I would if I could,' said the man with a sigh, 'but she's dead in the coach ahead.'" This remark repeated with every stanza, gave rise to the chorus; on which the singer rang the changes so pathetically that even the policeman at the back, whose business was order not grief, was shattered. We heard The Vagabond recited, who had had a mother so fond of him, 'twas well she died before —we all know what; though here the speaker checked himself and called bravely to the dog to jump over the table. We read East Lynne, the deaths in Dickens, The Bow of Orange Ribbon. And I remember how—putting myself, with the hard, centripetal analysis of youth, in their places, and being unable to imagine any other person than myself—I thought of these people as mere cynical experts. It was obvious to me that they were merely exploiting the crowd with tricks. They seemed to refute the ancient dictum of the necessity of weeping before drawing tears. I never thought of the creators of Mr. Meachum's Will and The Fatal Wooing, or of E. P. Roe, Trowbridge or Mrs. Alexander as being serious themselves but as merely exploiting us. I enjoyed them, but I read them with my fingers crossed. I credited them with rascally wits and no honesty.

But I have come to another view of late. Now I credit the Roes and Mrs. Alexanders with honesty but no wits. I believe that the authors of these incredible pieces of bathos create them in some sort of faith; and find themselves on a level, rightly abreast, with their public, larger birds but of the same feather. I can believe now that my vaudeville tenor really shook with his tremolo, as the composer may have been shaken before him; for if the policeman wept to hear, why should not the tenor be voicing tears of his own. When an earnest lady admires Jean-Christophe and Katherine Bush in one breath, when each hits the bottom, as far as it goes, of her soul, why not each the bottom of its author's soul, as far as it goes. It was a stroke of light for me the first time I heard an actor mention a scene of his—a poor, ranting bit of tinsel in a house of cards—with genuine feeling.

I bear in mind the two kinds of falseness, of intention and of mediocrity, of the evil aim and the blind eye, that of knaves and that of fools; and turn to some of the triumphs. The Harvester, which ran into hundreds of thousands, begins, I

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find, with mystery and goes on to young love, nature and healing herbs, romance, malice, and a recipe—exchanged by strolling lovers—for a cooling fruit punch; and writes itself in all styles. And yet I have been told by a man who ought to know, that the writer took it all sincerely and followed ever her gleam. If that be true, the author of Pollyanna may play her heroine's glad game when she likes. I believe.

I count it a milestone in my mental experience the day I learned from a most intimate source that Clyde Fitch took his work very gravely, labored without ceasing, and inserted the more playful passages only as comic relief in order that his more serious reflections on society, truth, jealousy, in a word, life, might survive. Consider such a revelation, when all the while one had gone on thinking of Clyde Fitch as gifted, richly spontaneous—and by reason of this very spontaneity our most promising dramatist so far, I believe —and ingenious, careless, swift, pleasantly trivial but not hard, keen for the market and the every-day; knowing not so much cheap people but people cheaply; seeking not the eternal values of love, jealousy and the other elementals, but just enough to give to his work a kind of necessary journalistic balance! There he was in the very shadow of the Alps, I am told, working away, closed to any grandiose scenic distraction—a fact easily believed, since nothing of the Alpine appears in the plays. And so he too felt the burden and the mystery. Who would have thought it?

Everywoman still sweeps the country. Ladies send troops of newsboys to it as a warning against sin. The grave, the gay, admire it. Four acts bring Everywoman at last, worn out with wandering, sin, and desertion, but rich in romance and Chautauquan ideals, within earshot of a "male quartette off stage," which sings these unbelievable lines:

> When God made the World of Woe
> Where mortals roam,
> He made just one resting place
> And called it Home.

After the song, Everywoman discovers Love waiting, all unlike those bankers who had cast her aside, "simply clad." Truth observes that in the garden of Love,

> Men and women pluck the flowers at will
> Scarce prizing them because of their profusion,
> Yet all the while depleting the gentle plants.

And Love and Everywoman are about to kiss each other when Modesty appears at the door, and suggests that they wait until morning to wed.

Such work bears the stamp of sincere creation. In art the worst like the best cannot be counterfeited.

By now I am able to picture the author of The Career of Katherine Bush sitting over her work with epochs and social revolutions speeding up her pulse. It is a book in which the moods of Ellen Key, Flaubert, Thackeray, Oscar Wilde, Laura Jean Libbey and the high gods of Purpose struggle to express the life of the heroine, a cold, beautiful girl, typing by day in a loan office and perfecting her French accent by night in her attic room. We find expressed also the Duchess, and the Duke of Mordyn, that pale peer, fastidious, grave, having had in his past one of those insane wives that for so long now have furnished the cause for the high-bred melancholy of widower heroes. Pride is also expressed, disdain, rising-in-the-world, cockney speech, aristocratic plate, shrill gramophones and real orchestras, fresh towels, Parliament, and country houses; all in fine confusion; a sauce for all geese, whether revolted, sociological, or merely sentimental; but all seen in good faith from a chambermaid's or shopgirl's level. All this is native to the author surely, for only a Shakespeare could invent it.

And is it not this fact of the author's writing precisely on his own plane that gives Mr. Dreiser's Genius a sort of vulgar sobriety and dogged detail that is its sole claim to literature?

I doubt whether any author of these successful results is ever far above his work. He may snub his work, look down on it, but lovingly. Byron's most maudlin lyrics were the apt reactions of a satirical thoroughbred. The author may have known better but have forgotten very fast. He may begin with certain lofty, half pursued visions and aims, and—according to his friends' account—be driven by a low public to lesser wares; but the descent if successful must be in the man, and not so much a descent as a levelling outward. He may know better in a social way, that is, his acquaintances may indicate the class of his production; but far down in his consciousness he tells himself that this is after all a true feeling, not toploftical, but real. He will come to little, sneaking treasuries of sweet sentiment, softness and evasion down in himself somewhere, that emerge and are justified by him. He writes for the people's heart, the people's brain not being current as yet. And his conclusions are strengthened by the hypnotism of spreading admiration.

The mystery of popularity often spoken of, resolves itself into the author's being level with his admirer. But the intelligent critic may be excused for working up a mystery. It puzzles him. The reason for this appeal, what can it be? From any standard almost it would seem inconceivable. The poor critic is looking, in The Harvester, The Ride of Paul Revere, Maud Muller, for genuine elements, bases of appeal: these are present right

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enough, but so flattened, so shallow, so dull, that they lose their incandescence and are dark to him. All is flattened down and levelled up; a little bit for everybody. There is no particular reason to be puzzled. Like turns to like. The mysterious thing that Longfellow put into Paul Revere's story to make it popular was a commonplace section of Longfellow's self. The critic may take his lesson from department store windows, with their plaster and pictures, their satin and glass and novelties, those last, spent waves of the Rue de Rivoli, the Louvre, the Metropolitan. If there are two hundred thousand admirers that are foolish, may there not be the one foolish author?

The moments come when we doubt. Are there really such banalities? It is impossible that anyone could be doing this work on the level, ideally, with honest effort. And yet in the midst of our mantling blushes at this travesty of all fine and noble things, we recall that such are the ways of life. People use patchouli surely because they like it; they feel it expresses them. Bodenhausen must have had some sort of foolish piety when he painted his simpering madonnas; even Mr. Christy must have moments of weakness toward his dreadful creations; and Mr. Robert Service at his worst must be fooling himself as well as others. The equals of all these await them at the market-shrine.

Now and then a man of real parts declares that he will write such a book, play the game. But with this intention only, the odds are against him. A quirk somewhere in him will muddy his stream. He will see too much, lose the key, spoil the unity of folly aimed at. He pays for his stature.

Of the two this is the pleasanter conclusion, if we must have such books. It leaves us a human bedrock, dense enough but sound. It means clear consciences that may go to heaven—a great comfort to some minds—even though art goes damned. The sincerity of fools, honest at least, or almost honest; even though in art it turns out false. People do prefer, if possible, to stay put; they like to be stirred to the depths if the depths will keep close to the surface. They do choose their comedy, like the colored supplement, to be funny as fast as the pages open; and their sadness sociable, not too sad. But it does not follow that they wish to be merely exploited. Their art may play for effects, select, underscore, since all art does; but honestly, in the bond. They like it roaring or pitiful, shallow or soft, but bona fide. Just David and Following the Star are no summits in art, to be sure; but they are successful not wholly through their designs on mushy hearts. Theirs are tears, not very salt if you like, and fast drying; but, in their fashion, tears.

STARK YOUNG.

At the Capitol

ONE of the six filibustering senators who were burned in effigy for wanting to delay matters recently declared to the Senate, in summing up the progress on the administration's food bills, "We have devoted an entire legislative day to the discussion of a motion to recommit; and it seems that when we get through this day's work it has been understood all the time that the bill is going to be recommitted. Then why waste all this eloquence?"

Coming from Senator Norris this disapproval cannot be regarded as petulant, or indifferent to the need of proper time for deliberation in Congress. It is a fair criticism that while the food bills proposed by the administration are deserving of thorough study, a good part of the delay in advancing them has not been due to any desire for careful consideration. The first few attempts to bring the bills up for discussion failed in both houses because there was not enough of an attendance to warrant the consideration of anything except routine matters. On Wednesday the Senate was ready to go ahead, but was prevented from doing so by one of its own rules. The bills are now the unfinished business in both houses. Much of the discussion that is being given to them could be spared; but they are so far-reaching that the perspective resulting even from somewhat irrelevant debate may be valuable, unless interruptions come too often.

It is probable, however, that before the Senate has finished with the food measures that are pending it will have to turn its attention to the revenue bill. In coming through the hands of the Committee of Finance, sharp reductions have been made in the draft of this measure as it passed the House—particularly in the tax on manufacturer's gross sales and in the surtax on incomes of more than $40,000. Taxes of this sort fall principally upon the larger cities. In the House there are two hundred and fifty members who represent districts in which there is not a single city with a population of thirty thousand. How closely rural districts and willingness to tax incomes are related is shown in the fact that only nineteen of these two hundred and fifty members voted against the proposals for manufacturers' and increased income taxes. But in the Senate it is different. Each senator is subject to pressure from all parts of his state, and few states do not contain at least one city of thirty thousand people. When the conferees meet to adjust the variances between the House bill and the Senate bill the effects of this different basis of representation will be prominent.

One matter to which the Senate can give its attention without fear of injury to its manufacturing constituencies is the question whether it is wise policy to exempt government bonds from taxation. Not a word was said on this point when the section providing exemption was before the House, though there was much time spent in deciding whether it was equitable to tax chautauquas, playing cards, perfumed cachous and pleasure craft. The House paid for its freedom from a state-wide pressure in having to adjust the even more local problems of home industry—the Detroit members assailing a tax on automobiles, the representative from Hartford objecting to a tax on insurance, and so on. The debate was consequently more real than the serious but artificial discussion over the question of going to war. With the present system and standards of representation a revenue bill built on compromise rather than foresight is inevitable. But it is unfortunate, even with revision in the Senate still to come, that many alterations of considerable importance were left to a scant at-

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tendance. An amendment to the tax on manufacturers' gross sales was voted down, 36 to 10—which meant that 389 members of the House were not present. A revision in the tax on admissions and dues was accepted by a vote of 32 to 18—with seven-eighths of the membership absent. Decisions often rested on chance. An amendment would occasionally be adopted on a close vote; and a few minutes later an identical amendment to a succeeding clause would be refused because several of the ayes had gone out into the cloak-room. Mr. Meeker, looking about him for support in reducing the tax on perfumes, wanted to know, "What has become of the bunch of automobile patriots who were here a while ago?" His amendment was similar to theirs; but the automobile patriots, having carried their own point, had vanished. There were in all thirty-three votes on the revenue bill in the House. Including even the five roll-call votes, which bring on almost complete attendance, the average number voting was 170—out of a total of 435.

One agreeable result of the debate in the House was that it aroused a number of members to the shortcomings of their own rules. For a long time there have been attempts to adapt the House to its theoretical purpose in existing, but, coming chiefly from the outside, they have made little headway. The issue this time was opened by Mr. Moore's attempt to have a war tax of $2.50 a bale placed upon cotton. The rather fine point on which objection to this proposal rested was that, while germane to the subject, it was not germane to the subject matter. It violated thereby a rule which the Democrats had adopted in the sixty-second Congress, as the only means of forcing their tariff legislation through the House. The effect of the rule is to permit changes in any of the taxes proposed by the Ways and Means Committee, but to forbid the introduction of any new items, once the bill has been reported. The House is accordingly left with only a veto over an irresponsible group of twenty-three men. Even a member so usually satisfied with the present order as Mr. Fitzgerald has demanded a change: "This question vitally affects the power of the House to do business, and to consider legislation in any intelligent and proper manner."

It is doubtful whether matters would be much improved simply by a repeal of this rule. Such a step, while theoretically encouraging free discussion, would in fact encourage the introduction of a thousand pro forma amendments on which the House could be kept voting until almost any measure was killed. But a beneficial change in the rule is possible, and with Mr. Fitzgerald, Mr. Mann and Mr. Lenroot calling upon the Committee on Rules for action, it is likely that the first step in several years will be taken toward giving the House a better organization. Instances of the past week point to a number of desirable innovations. The requirement of roll-call votes in the Committee of the Whole would have fixed the responsibility for absence, and not left decisions of some importance to as few as fifty members; a system of electrical voting, long urged as a sensible and easy reform, would have prevented the frequency of roll-calls from interfering with progress; publicity for committee deliberations would have provided the Senate with a revenue bill responsibly drawn, and insured an earlier opportunity for the taking up of measures, such as the food bills, which were temporarily shelved. Under the strain of the war, weaknesses in the organization of Congress are being so clearly disclosed that it does not seem that they can long go on escaping the attention of the members who suffer from them.

C. M.

A COMMUNICATION

The Perils of Diplomacy

SIR: You can render no greater service in this hour than by constantly repeating your eloquent warning of May 19th to the effect that the war is to be won by diplomacy as well as by soldiers and high explosives. The fact cannot be too often recited or too firmly emphasized. The sooner that all provincial editors and chimney-corner strategists learn this, the better for America. Of course, this does not mean that we should not strain every nerve to the breaking point in the mobilization of our resources. Neither does it mean that we should not work for a smashing victory which will carry the soldiers of the Allies to the streets of Berlin. It simply reminds us of the old adage that cutting off our noses to spite our faces is poor political economy.

Diplomacy, unfortunately, is not so simple as donning a uniform and marching up to a cannon's mouth to the martial strains of Yankee Doodle. It calls for poise, cold-bloodedness, and a Machiavellian disposition to see things as they are and to deal with them as they are—whether we like them or not. It is a difficult art which the author of The Prince fain would teach us. It requires an understanding of many things, many tempers, many perversities, and a spirit of reconciliation not unlike that of the narrow home. A knowledge of history—especially social and economic history—is absolutely indispensable. A sympathetic appreciation of habits and ways that are not our own is equally indispensable. Logic does not help much. A painful consciousness of the rectitude of our intentions and the purity of our purposes is more likely to be a nuisance than a service.

If all this is true, then we cannot begin too soon in this country a discussion of the human considerations that must be taken into account if this war is to be brought to a reasonably satisfactory conclusion—to say nothing now of a glorious victory. On taking stock of our intellectual resources the prospect warns us to make haste. When we learn from the newspapers that the statesmen highest in the councils of the nation cannot read French public documents and that the notes of the Imperial German Government must be translated before those in power can catch the drift of them, we cannot help wondering how well prepared are our leaders to understand the tempers, interests, and prejudices of the European nations with which we have to reckon. Nor can it be said that the English statesmen at the helm are much less provincial than our own. It has long been "proper," it is true, for English "gentlemen" to finish their education by taking a trip to France, but the "barbarous" tongue of the Germans has received scant welcome in the island home. The bitter truth is that Oshkosh is scarcely less pleased with itself than is London.

When to provincial self-satisfaction is added the quality of mind that comes from habitual rotation within the narrow circle of one's group or class there is formed a combination that disqualifies for the art of diplomacy. It is no exaggeration to say that the average middle-class American—even one who has done the cathedral towns—never reads any newspapers except those which flatter his

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conceits and is as crass in his prejudices and as limited in his imagination as any "wicked labor agitator." The fact that the Mooney case was discovered in New York's respectable circles by way of Petrograd riots is a case in point. Another illustration is that of a learned American professor who spent a year in Germany studying politics and dining with the Kaiser, but did not meet a single Social Democratic leader. Another illustration afforded by a "cultivated lady" who was awfully shocked to learn that a distinguished university president had been on intimate terms with "that dreadful socialist, Jaurès."

Of course all this would not matter much if the war were destined to be settled by a few princes or ambassadors extraordinary sitting around a table, but this is not to be. The great masses of all nations have been stirred to the deeps. Even women who in other wars knew only labor, sorrow and sacrifice have been torn from their old habits of life and forced into the mobilized lock-step. If the Kaiser and every junker were in the bottom of the sea, all would not be well. The pat little phrase "liberty against autocracy" is more like to deceive ourselves than the Germans. It will settle nothing. Though it contains the kernel of a truth, it alone will not exorcise the evil spirits of Germany and Russia.

We have a double task before us in the field of diplomacy. We must break the union of the Hohenzollern military caste and the German masses whose radical leaders are Social Democrats. We must convince the Russian revolutionists that the things they hold dear are really at stake in the eastern trenches. To do this we cannot dragoon Social Democrats into loyalty to the Allies. We must convince them that this is not at bottom, or even potentially, a capitalist war for colonies, markets, and concessions.

Strange as it may seem to the innocent, it will be difficult to convince the Russians and Germans. Those who read German periodicals (such as the grace of England has vouchsafed to us) know that Teutonic editors have long been dwelling upon our "world politics," our ambitions in the Orient, our Philippine policies, and our enterprises in the Caribbean. They suspect that we have not purified our hearts by fire. This is quite wrong-headed, of course, but other nations have a habit of being perverse. German suspicion will be all the more aroused by the recent announcement of Cecil that Great Britain will keep the German colonies because, forsooth, the natives have been so badly treated by the Kaiser's minions! The cynical Social Democrat will doubtless suggest that they be assimilated to the benevolent administration of the Belgian Congo—or perchance some British rubber concession. Under such circumstances, it would be well for the Germans to know that the people of the United States will not shed one drop of blood to enlarge the British Empire, that we do not contemplate another peace like that of 1763 or 1815. To ask the German people to throw overboard the Kaiser and the military power in the name of "liberty," and then inform them in the same breath that Great Britain is to hold the German colonies at all costs is not calculated to break the unity of the German Empire. It is playing with fire. If we cannot be discreet, at least let us keep silent. As for indemnities, leave them aside for the present. To prolong the war ten days would cost more than the reparation of the damage done to property. That which cannot be repaired must be forgotten.

The truth is that the educated leaders among German and Russian revolutionists know more about the history of England, France, and the United States than the average native of those countries. They know who saved "the cruel Turk" in 1854. They know about the French bourgeois and the terrible June days. They know about Ireland and the Opium War. They have doubtless heard that Russian serfs were emancipated a few years before the adoption of the Thirteenth Amendment in the United States. These things are not mentioned because they are pleasant to recall, but because we must have in England and the United States a diplomacy which will help, not hinder, the work of destroying the Hohenzollern military power.

They must be mentioned because we have to deal with Russian and German Social Democrats. Without their aid, the struggle will be desperate beyond all calculation. Without them we shall have to drain to the dregs the bitterest cup ever pressed to our lips. With Russia out of the war or even negligent and with the German people knit by fear of British and American capitalism bent upon markets, more markets, the war may last until the last American hamlet is stripped of its youth. Therefore, England, France, and the United States cannot approach them clad in the shining armor of self-righteousness. Those who read German socialist publications know what the leaders think of Homestead, West Virginia, Calumet, and Colorado—even of Lawson fresh from prison (not Thomas, for those who may be puzzled).

To convince the German Socialists and the Russian revolutionists of our sincerity when we speak of "democracy against autocracy" we must show them that by democracy we mean no shallow Manchesterism or empty Rousseauism, that we are aware of our own shortcomings. The world of democracy for which they are willing to die in the Russian trenches or risk their lives in bursting the bonds of Kaiserism is not the world of Milner, Cecil, Maxse, and Balfour—with all due respect for the great attainments of these eminent men. The kingdom of heaven for Kerensky and Liebknecht is not described in Lochner *v.* New York. It may be regrettable, but if the Allied leaders cannot bear to think of it, they had better prepare for such desperate fighting as the world has never seen.

Moreover, the world of democracy that is to be (if the German war machine be overborne) is not to be that "mere man's world" so eloquently described in the New York constitutional convention of 1894 by Mr. Root, who now carries the torch of freedom to Russia! The government of Great Britain has announced the coming political emancipation of women. We await on a "Democratic" President and Congress to bear testimony to the truth that we do not fear liberty but invite it.

All this simply means that there are now currents of thought around the world which are not understood by Mid-Victorians. In such a reflection, there is no depreciation of the terrible task before us. Let us prepare with desperation. The nation must be united in the prosecution of the war, but we need not be united in the diplomacy of folly. Let us beware lest the diplomats make our burden a thousand times heavier than it need be. It is far better that they should be silent than that they should

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confirm the suspicions of Russian and German radical leaders. This is not the time to talk of Bagdad railways or German colonies. The Russian formula, though we like it not, is better for the present. "Tyranny, like hell, is not easily conquered," as Paine wrote in a crisis scarcely less dreadful than this.

CHARLES A. BEARD.

New York City.

CORRESPONDENCE

Russian Political Exiles

(From a letter to a member of the Society of the Friends of Russian Freedom).

HOW happy I am . . . I am so sorry I am too old . . . But never mind! . . . Three days ago I received a telegram from Petrograd: "Grand espoir, travail enorme, embrassons, revenez, Brechkofsky, Tchaykovsky." I am ready to start, but there are difficulties to cope with. First is the money to start with. The government would let us pass gratuitously, but it is impossible to pass freely to Russia. The number of emigrants is very great, but the passage is very difficult and proceeded by small parties. In France and England we have to wait and stay some weeks. The living is very expensive. The special committee in Petrograd sent to Switzerland 172,000 francs to help political emigrants to reach Russia. But the number of emigrants is so great that it is difficult to divide the money fairly. It is necessary to buy shoes and clothes, because in Russia clothes are enormously dear. I am sorry I have not money enough to start independently of the official help offered by the Committee. It is a very delicate question to take money and to start while many others must stay. All the money I had for Babushka I had sent here by the Banque of Montreux to the Banque of Minussiusk. She has not received it, because the Revolution has brought her immediately to Petrograd. I had in cash only 16 francs. The great destitution of comrades forced me to borrow some sum of money to help them. Only men are allowed to pass in Russia via France and England. Many comrades have wives and children. I decided not to take any money from official sum in order to be free in conscience from any reproach of starting as an in any way privileged emigrant. I do not know whether you understand my spiritual and moral trouble? I am ready to get this help rather from my American friends than from the Russian political emigrants' Committee.

Uncle Sam is our ally now. He has a great deal to cope with in his own troubles, but if our American friends find the possibility to send me any material help (in money), they would make perhaps a last but not the least service to the Russian cause, which is now the common cause of the universal democracy.

There is a stupid set of Zimmervaldists among our Russian socialists and emigrants who in agreement with German government passed from Switzerland via Germany to Copenhagen and Stockholm. We the other emigrants energetically and officially protested against such a shameful proceeding without consent of our Provisional Revolutionary government. I do not wish to pass through the Germany of Bloody Wilhelm II even with the consent of our government. This passage I consider as immoral in the extreme. That is why any money the American friends can send me will make me quite independent from any faction, or party or committees. These Zimmervaldists spread the insinuation that the French and English governments do not wish to let them pass to Russia. It is stupid, but is a fact that this sect of Zimmervaldists wishes to overthrow this revolutionary, but "bourgeois" government in Russia and to make immediate peace with Germany, even separate peace. . . . I fight them energetically here in Switzerland as well as in Russia. Thirty-three persons of them already reached Petrograd. Do not take their action as serious. The Russian Revolution is now in quick process of strong organization and this stupid faction of Zimmervaldists will have no effect on the issue of this unprecedented revolutionary movement. The whole of Russian democracy is in full, and hearty accord with the democracy of Uncle Sam, France and Great Britain. This war must be the last one.

If I can borrow the money sufficient to start independently, I'll go in two weeks. But I shall be obliged to stay perhaps some weeks in France and England. If some money will be sent from American friends, my wife, Mrs. Lazareff will have all necessary instructions.

Babushka calls me as soon as possible to come to Russia.

Here in Switzerland the life is very dear, by card system. In Russia the shoes cost 130 roubles.

I am going to Lausanne for meeting.

Please tell ——— that our Russian *Constituente* will be elected by universal suffrage by men and women. I am sure! . . .

My brotherly kiss to you to all. I am in a hurry to catch my train.

GEO. LAZAREFF.

It is now beyond my power, and we must try not to make any difficulty to our revolutionary government.

Babushka is right: *Grand espoir, travail enorme!*

Clarens, Switzerland.

[NOTE—The Society of the Friends of Russian Freedom is collecting a fund for the relief of *Siberian* Political Exiles, but will be glad to forward direct to Mr. Lazareff any sums sent to them for such purpose. The Society knows Mr. Lazareff well and has the utmost confidence in him. Checks to the order of Hamilton Holt, Treasurer, should be sent to Paul Kenneday, Secretary, 70 Fifth Avenue, New York.—THE EDITORS].

In Defense of Rupert Hughes

SIR: There are, perhaps, very few of your readers who have a higher regard for your opinions than have I. But I do believe you are wrong in making the statement that Rupert Hughes is a "concessivist," for that term carries with it a suggestion of derogation. True, there is a great demand for Mr. Hughes's work, but that does not mean that he is stooping in order to meet the demand. Rather, I should say that he is developing in the magazine reader an appreciation of good writing. Have you read his latest book of short stories, In a Little Town? If not, please read it. And then if you don't agree with me that Pop, Don't You Care, and The Mouth of the Gift Horse, are at least as good as, if not better than, any other small-town stories you have ever read, then I shall immediately begin to believe that probably I am wrong. But I do want to issue this challenge: Name just one writer, past or present, who has ever written as good conversation as Mr. Hughes writes. Doesn't that stump you?

JNO. J. CORCORAN.

Colorado Springs, Colorado.

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Realism of the Trenches

Le Feu, by Henri Barbusse. Paris: Flammarion. Frs. 3.50.

LE FEU, by Henri Barbusse, which relates the unvarnished daily experience of a squad of French poilus at the front, is a terribly plain answer to the question why Joffre is in haste to get an American army into the trenches. This history is dated December, 1915. The incredible thing, the thing which makes human character seem infinitely tougher than human intelligence, is that troops which were at that epoch enduring the agony and impoverishment of life it describes should still be enduring them in the spring of 1917. Le Feu makes Gaspard look something like a vaudeville star; it reduces Mr. Britling's intellectual reactions to insignificance. For this novel is epic in proportions. Its background is not merely an infinitesimal parallel of the second line, its hero is not one man, not even the squad of seventeen to which its author belonged, but every soldier who guards the edge of that scarred desert which stretches from the Channel to the Alps. And Barbusse does not merely display the soldier, he pushes you into his miserable verminous body, his cold, water-logged boots, his bulging, stinking, soaking woolen clothes. The effect of living inside them is something like having a long operation performed without ether. After you have been through it you know there is such a thing as war, and you know that it is not the industrialist, or the engineer, or the military expert who is bearing the brunt of it. Le Feu fills you with shame that you have any cover save that which a mud wall opposes to an aching body. It makes you realize that the common man is the hero of this cataclysm, and that from it democracy and organized peace are to emerge supreme.

We first meet the *escouade* stumbling up, livid and hirsute and sodden, from a night's sleep in the lateral shelters of their viscous trench. These well-like openings stink "like mouths," and the long desolation of the dawn reveals too clearly the gray and watery wilderness in which the cave men have for fifteen months lived and moved and had their being. Water, not fire, is the hell of the front; it seeps from every page of this novel. As always, the cannonade is grumbling and crackling, but the soldiers are no more aware of it than they were of the ticking of the clocks in the houses of their now legendary past. Nor do they observe the fantastic divergence of the clumsy outer garments which, like dwellers in the Arctic zone, they have devised to protect themselves from the rain from above, the mud from below and the cold, "that sort of infinite which is everywhere." Their immediate interest is a frenzied search for vermin. Having scratched their fill, they yawn and groan before the ennui of another day.

"In this family without a family, at this hearth without a hearth" which groups them, there are three generations and any number of "races," since they belong to a reserve regiment which has been reinforced from the active and the territorial. Poterloo, with his bright red cheek-bones, is a miner from the Flemish North; Fouillade, a boatman from Cette, rolls wicked little eyes in a brown musquetaire's face and invokes his God with Provençal temerity: "Coquine di Dious!" (Coquin de Dieu). By profession "in the vanished age when one had a social condition" they were mostly laborers and workmen of various sorts. Barbusse, who was before the war a writer and an editor of Je Sais Tout, a sort of Paris cousin of The Ladies' Home Journal, has strong feelings on this subject: "We are fighting soldiers, nous autres, and there are hardly any intellectuals, artists or rich men who during this war have risked their faces on the battlements, except in passing or under officers' helmets." But in spite of extreme divergency of age, origin, culture, character, the seventeen are now, broadly speaking, the same: forced by the terrible narrowness of their elemental existence to speak the same argot, to take the same habits, to feel the same primitive needs.

"One is always waiting, in the state of war. One has become a waiting machine. At the moment, it is the soup we are waiting for. Afterwards it will be the letters. But everything in its own time; when we have finished the soup we shall think of the letters. Then we shall begin to wait for something else." As usual, the soup is late. The men grow impatient and quarrelsome. But the first hot spoonful distils a rich beatitude. Obscene jokes begin to circulate. Pipes come out, men spit in a friendly circle. Cocon, invariably statistical, begins to explain the disposition of the trenches. There are ten thousand kilometers on the French side, and as many on the German. And the French front is only about an eighth of the total war front.

"'In all that, you see what we amount to, we who are here.' . . ."

A vision of their condition, lost "like drops of blood among the deluge of men and things," assails them all.

"'On s'embête,' says Volpatte.

"'We'll stick it out!' grumbles Barque.

"'Got to,' says Paradis.

"'Why?' asks Marthereau, without conviction.

"'No need of reason since we have to.'

"'There ain't no reason,' affirms Lamuse.

"'There is, too,' says Cocon. 'It is . . . there are several, rather.'

"'Shut up. It's much better not to have any, since we got to hold on.'

"'All the same,' says Blaire heavily, who never loses an occasion to recite this phrase,—'all the same, they're after our hide.'"

Out of such passages comes the soldier's philosophy: *t'en fais pas*—take things as they come and don't kick about them. Do what you're told, while waiting to be told to go home. These men have almost ceased to believe in the end of the war. They have renounced understanding, they have renounced individuality; their days are entirely bounded by a hope not to die and a struggle to live as well as possible.

It is this touching hope and this egotistic struggle, seen through a long series of episodes of trench, bombardment, cantonment and attack, that Barbusse relates with a humanity so passionate and sincere, an observation so keen and so humorous, that the stark brutality of his realism is transfused with a sort of sombre poetry, even a sort of brilliance. The essence of the tragedy, the fundamental truth of the book, is that these are not soldiers, but men: civilians, meant to be happy and peaceable and affectionate and kind, who by the folly of the human race are torn from their normal lives against their will; workmen, inclined to do as they are told, resistant to difficulty, capable of long-suffering; human beings, pathetically ready to believe that the next meal will be more savory and plentiful, the new hay-loft less dank and obscene than the last; "heroes" finally, who scorn the *croix de guerre,* who go into carnage advisedly, fearfully, silently, with a full consciousness of the horror of what they are doing, and who come out of it, whatever the cost to their comrades, mad with the joy of personal escape.

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Like the author of Gaspard, Barbusse does not scruple to portray with sardonic humor that gives relief to the *macabre,* the least admirable traits of the French peasant—such as the avarice that feeds on the soldier's need—and he is even more successful in making one feel, as the starved soldier feels, the potency and charm of woman. For what she represents of poetry and terror, there is Eudoxie, the pale and golden gypsy girl, who haunts the danger zone; for affection and safety and creature comfort, there is the wife of Poterloo, whom, when he had made his way to her village in a German disguise, he sees through the window smiling over her sewing at some German officers.

"'Dis donc, vieux,' he says after admitting his first jealous rage. 'I ask myself if I am right. She is very young, you know; only twenty-six; she can't keep in her youth; that comes out of her everywhere, and when she is resting under the lamp and in the warmth she is just obliged to smile; and even if she laughed aloud it would be only her youth singing in her throat. It isn't because of the others, to tell the truth; it is because of her, . . . eh, oui, she is alive, that's all. It isn't her fault if she lives—you wouldn't want her to die. . . . One can't cry all the time, or grumble for eighteen months; it's been too long, I tell you; that's the whole trouble.'"

It has been too long, and too few people have shared in the sacrifice. That is the burden of the soldier's bitterness. When Volpatte, who had had *la bonne blessure* returned from his leave, his mouth was full of curses for the *embusqués*. "Y en a trop, y en a trop—there are too many of them, and those too many, they are always the same ones." Saving their skins by pull of some sort, they swarm in the bureaux and hospitals, they drive automobiles, dressed in beautiful uniforms, they refer to the bayonet as Rosalie, they "wash themselves twice rather than once, go to mass, never stop smoking, wallow in featherbeds at night with their newspapers. And that will say afterwards, 'I've been to war.'" The intellectuals, who insist on "preserving their talent for France," and go to America *avec mission du ministre,* the men who stay in Paris "at the mercy of a taube or a Zeppelin," pretending that there is no difference between dangers—all these come in for the soldier's anger; "since the beginning there are some of the others who have been killed by an unfortunate chance; of us there are a few who still live by a happy chance. It is not the same, considering that when you're dead it's for long." Even Corporal Bertrand concedes that there are moments when danger and sacrifice are one.

This calm corporal, who was the philosophical backbone and mainstay of his squad, is killed in the horrible chapter of flood and fire that ends the book. Gradually you realize that an unbearable amount of life is ebbing from the world. Death may lurk long, but he strikes at last, and to face him unflinchingly in the monotonous discomfort, in the superhuman fatigue, in the infamous filth of the trench requires of a soldier with a civilian's heart a spiritual effort whose magnitude the untried civilian can never nearly grasp. The soldiers in Le Feu show no sign of dogmatic religion—and here they bear out the testimony of a friend of mine who said that during six months in a hospital at the front he never heard a man call for the priest—nor have they the support of personal mysticism, or even of that religion of the *patrie* which has exalted French intellectual youth. But the book has a vision, a moral, which is equivalent to a religion: that war must end. Cumulatively and explicitly we are given the soldier's sense that unless he is fighting the war against war, "for progress and not against a country," the sacrifices, which not even he will remember, will count for nothing. "We are the people," he cries; "why is it always we who march for everybody?" Heroes? "We are executioners. We have honestly played the part. We'd do it again, because it is great and important to punish war and stifle it. But don't talk to me of military virtue because I've killed some Germans." "The entente of democracies, the entente of immensities, the rising of the people of the world . . . all the rest in the past, present and future is absolutely indifferent." E. S. S.

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Why Holidays

Rest Days, a study in early law and morality, by Hutton Webster. New York: The Macmillan Co. $3.00.

TO any one engaged in the business of popularizing ethnology there is one aptitude in human nature which becomes of paramount import. It is the aptitude for rationalizing. To our habits and customs one and all, we are prone to attribute a rational motive and usually we posit a rational origin. Even the custom we to-day find objectionable began, we are wont to assert, for good reasons. All right in its day, it is wrong nowadays merely because we have outgrown it.

This tenet of the unreasonable because archaic is an extremely efficient self-protective device. It enables us to become critical of a given custom without giving up our faith in the reasoning power of our ancestors. Once we doubted their reasoning, we might begin to doubt our own mental processes.

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We might also begin to be critical not merely of the ways of living we do not fancy but of those we are attached to, and that might make us excessively uncomfortable. Is it not easy to see why ethnology is the most difficult of all the sciences to popularize? Not concerned with rationalizing except as rationalizing is in itself a cultural manifestation, ethnological information may be highly disconcerting.

Rest Days is a book with this potentiality for disconcerting. The "believer" in holidays as established through the wisdom either of civilized man or of his gods may be upset on learning that among what he accounts the inferior races or heathen gods holidays are also popular. As an observer of the Christian Sunday will he hear with composure that on a sacred day which occurs about every ten days the Bontoc Igorot of Luzon are forbidden on pain of fine to work in the fields or that in the islands of Tahiti sacred days were observed when general gloom and silence pervaded the whole island, when fires and lights were extinguished, when canoes were not launched, when none bathed and none was to be seen out of doors save those whose presence was required at the temple? How will the believer in Sunday take the evidence for the conclusion that the consecration of a particular day to a divinity is a common feature of polytheistic cults?

Even facts bearing directly upon his own favored days of rest the true believer may find trying. Can he comfortably entertain the idea that the Jewish Sabbath antedated the composition of Genesis and was associated with Creation merely to secure for the observance sanctification and greater prestige? Or the fact that the earliest Sunday law, an edict issued by Constantine in 321 A. D., bore no relation to Christianity?

But all readers are not "true believers." The merely curious reader will be quite satisfied to find in Rest Days clues to certain modern observances he has found puzzling, clues not only to Sunday or saint's day but to the culture hero birthday, to Decoration Day, to Thanksgiving, to why people turn over a new leaf on New Year's Day or are licensed to lie on April Fool's Day, to why a widow does not dine out or why the new moon is auspicious or Friday unlucky, to why we fast in Lent or feast at Christmas.

Rest Days is enlightening for the general reader and for the student a convenient compilation of data, of certain critical conclusions, and of bibliographical notes. To the general reader the book not only affords the satisfaction of particular curiosities, it impresses upon him what has been called the principle of psychic unity, the principle that the human mind expresses itself everywhere in much the same way, or, the other way round, that many resemblances in different cultures are due to the sameness of mind. This principle has long been a foregone conclusion of the scientist, but it is one of those truisms of science which remain so strangely esoteric. The scientist is an indifferent showman. Instead of circulating his truisms, he turns to fresh problems. One of the problems which now interests him is the historical diffusion of cultural traits. To him, therefore, the most informing parts of Rest Days are its discussions of the spread of the market day in Africa and of the seven day week throughout the world.

Unfortunately Dr. Webster is not content to be merely informing. Too often he makes psychological or ethnological assertions which call for proof and proof Dr. Webster fails to supply. Given a method which is confessedly that of illustrating a generalization, conclusions can make no claim to scientific validity.

The validity of certain of Dr. Webster's generalizations may well be questioned on other than methodological grounds, particularly those generalizations in which he reveals himself quite as much of a rationalizer of custom as those he criticises. Take this passage: "The ancient dwellers in the Arabian wilderness, who celebrated new moon and full moon as seasons of abstinence and rest, little dreamed that in their senseless custom lay the roots of a social institution, which, on the whole, has contributed to human welfare in past ages and promises an even greater measure of benefit to humanity in all future time." "Senseless" is a term of the rationalizer, not of the scientist. So is "superstition" and Dr. Webster sprinkles "superstition" like sugar on a cake.

Dr. Webster is a rationalizer because he is so devoutly an evolutionist, or perhaps it is the other way round—it is hard to tell. To him, in his own words, "nothing is more interesting than the contemplation of that unconscious though beneficent process which has converted institutions, based partly or wholly on a belief in the imaginary and the supernatural, into institutions resting on the rock of reason and promoting human welfare." It would be hard to find a franker declaration of the teleology that has been read into Darwinism in the past few decades so successfully and so reassuringly to those who had at first felt that evolution was incompatible with divine Providence.

But for his teleologically evolutionary preconceptions, Dr. Webster might have gone further in his analysis of rest days as an expression alike of the sense of crisis and of the desire to control nature and man, not to mention the gods. And Dr. Webster might have looked into rest days too as an expression of gregariousness. But then as a student of crisis or will-to-power or herd psychoses he would have had to talk more cautiously about "the rock of reason" and more diffidently about "promoting human welfare." He might even have had to conclude that in a sanely ordered life, individual or collective, the rest day would not be needed.

E. C. P.

Recent Publications

Visions, by Count Ilya Tolstoy. New York: James B. Pond. $1.35.

EVEN the most remarkable of short stories would be subjected to an advance prejudice if written by the son of a world's genius—and these short stories are not remarkable. Still comparisons are hardly just, for, considered intrinsically, these stories have vividness and native power. The first group is made up of stories about the war in which the simplest of styles and the least decorated of narratives are employed to express the old romantic irony of life, the oscillation between ugliness—ugliness without glamor, like that of the hospital operating-room—and noble sentiments. The power of love, its healing and expansive force, its touching sanity in an insane world, is always reserved as the final revelation. One Scoundrel Less in the second group, called Stories of Russian Life, is characteristic. Nicolai Ivanovitch suffered in his spiritual isolation and material abundance. The lives of the miserable and wretched and starving could not impinge upon him emotionally. Until one day his carriage ran over a little peasant-boy. And then remorse drove him to console with the mother; he wept with her; he learned the power of love. This is an ancient Christian and naïve didactic lesson; it is a reverberation from the greater Tol-

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stoy's message, and for the force of its impact is dependent upon the sheer grip and swing of the narrative. There is an undeniable grip and swing to this narrative, undeniable but faint. The genius of the story, aside from the rather fragile individual philosophy, is the genius of all Russian short stories. It is an indigenous rather than a Tolstoyan quality. To be sure, there is likewise an infusion of the more modern introspective method of character revelation, for all who sneer at Artzibashev—and Count Tolstoy follows the fashion in this—have yet been partly conquered by him. If Visions has not genius, the book has a quiet and genuine interest. Its merit is greater than so many biological disappointments have taught us to expect. The publishers deserve praise for making the experiment.

The Public Defender, by Mayer C. Goldman, New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

"IT is better that ten guilty men escape than one innocent man be punished." It is as advocate for that innocent man that Mr. Goldman has written his little book, The Public Defender. He makes it sufficiently clear that before the criminologist, the humanitarian and the politician can announce reform in the methods of our penal institutions, they must pay attention to the securing of justice in the courtroom. That there are miscarriages of justice in our criminal courts, Mr. Goldman firmly believes. That the accused, especially if he be poor, fights an unequal battle against the power of the state, represented by "an able, experienced, powerful prosecutor," is another tenet in Mr. Goldman's belief. He would adjust the balance by the creation of the office of Public Defender, with the same power, the same number of assistants as the prosecutor has. In short, the book is a plea for justice by means of an *actual* equality before the law.

What He Least Expected, by Holworthy Hall. Indianapolis: The Bobbs Merrill Co.

WHO says that grown-up Americans don't believe in fairies? Once upon a time there was a poor young prince, Phil Hollister, and he went out from Harvard to seek his fortune, and in New York he met a lovely princess, Frances, and she was altogether desirable but quite unfortunately in the power of a wicked ogre who valued a princess much less for her royal beauty than for her royal dowry. As Phil had once given his last dollar and seventy-five cents to a deserving beggar, however, luck was now with him. Ned Ballin, a rich and good fairy classmate, loaded the dice of destiny so well that the ogre was completely circumvented, his evil machinations reduced to nothing at all, so that Phil married his princess and nearly half a kingdom of stocks and bonds. Mr. Holworthy Hall turns raw mythologic ore into the pure gold of that kind of installment novel which keeps its readers infantile.

Contributors

to this issue

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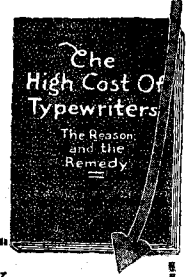

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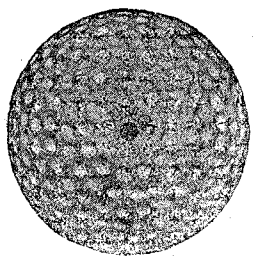

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